

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

JULY
No. 51

COMICS

10¢



Blackhawk

visits PLAMBAR,
Ancient City of Evil!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**





Night — a cloak of darkness — and into the sky toward an objective half a world away —



What manner of city is PLAMBAR, where evil has reigned since the dawn of history?



A corridor swallows guard and prisoner like magic — then —

LET US INTO THE JUDGE'S CHAMBER! THIS CITIZEN SPOKE REBELLIOUSLY AGAINST TYALPOLO!

WHAT, ANOTHER? BRING HIM IN!

THIS IS NO GOD OF EVIL! YOU ARE JOOP — LEADER OF SOCIETY, A QUIET, FRIENDLY MAN —

PLUMBAR DOES NOT KNOW I RISE THROUGH THE TYALPOLO BELIEF! AND YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL!

WHERE A WORSHIP OF AN EVIL GOD IS STRONG, MUCH PROFIT CAN BE MADE FROM CRIME AND VIOLENCE! PEOPLE EXPECT IT — ALL BUT SUSPICIOUS ONES LIKE YOU!

IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN —

BUT IT WON'T BE KNOWN! GUARD!

MORE AND MORE THE CITIZENS QUESTION THE POWER OF EVIL!

WHAT WE NEED IS FEWER AND SIMPLER-MINDED CITIZENS!

At dawn — visitors appear in Flamber!

JUST LOOK AT DAS STONE MONKEY! AND UP AHEAD — MORE LIKE HIM!

CHOP-CHOP KNOW THAT FELLA! IS STONE IMAGE OF BAD SPIRIT — TYALPOLO!







OH, YES! BUT WHEN CRIMES ARE ORDINARY THING — AND VIOLENT DEATH COMES TO MEN WHO RESIST — YOU KNOW HOW SUCH COMMUNITIES ARE!

I DO INDEED! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME TALK PRIVATELY TO SOME PLAIN HONEST MEN!



JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SUGGEST! COME WITH ME — ALONE!

SEE YOU LATER, MEN!



HE LEFT US BEHIND — BUT HE MADE DOT STRANGE SIGN —

PARBLEU, BEE EEE WELL KNOWN IN FRANCE! ZE SIGN OF WEIRD MYSTERY!



MYSTERY, YOU SAY? MAYBE HE BAW WANT US TO —

TO FOLLOW WITHOUT BEING SEEN! COME ON! WE CAN DO THAT!



And with the skill and ease learned in many a furtive adventure, the Blackhawks take the trail of their leader!



THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A CRIME HIDEOUT THAN AN HONEST CITIZEN'S HOME!

YOU FORGET THAT CRIMINALS GO FREE HERE — AND HONESTY MUST BE HIDDEN! COME ON IN!







The citizens celebrate the overthrow of crime...

LOOK, CHOP-CHOP,
THEY'RE DESTROYING
THOSE IDOLS!

MAYBE
BETTER THEY
DESTROY MISTRE
JORD STANISLAUS!

And, looking
from ruins
high above...

THE FOOLS!
THEY'VE CAPTURED
MY CHIEF FOLLOWERS!
NOW THEY'RE DIGGING
OUT THE
OTHERS!

BUT I'M STILL FREE!
I'LL GET REVENGE ON
BLACKAWK IF IT'S
THE LAST THING
I DO!

PERHAPS IT
WILL BE
THE LAST!

HERE I AM! NOW,
HOW DO YOU PLAN YOUR
REVENGE? I WANT YOU
TO HAVE A FAIR
CHANCE!

HOW DID
YOU FIND
ME HERE?

THEY'D TURNED THE CITY UPSIDE
DOWN WITHOUT FINDING YOU! I
KNEW YOU MUST HAVE LEFT—
SO I WENT OUTSIDE, FOUND
YOUR TRACKS AND TRACED
YOU HERE!

I FOOL'D
YOU ONCE,
BLACKAWK—
WITH A
CLOCK!

I'LL DO IT
AGAIN! BY
THIS SWORD,
YOU WILL
DIE!





HAH! THAT BLAST WILL
KICK THE PLATFORM
AND EVERYTHING
BELOW IT!



HOW
DID YOU
MANAGE
...??

BUT I DIDN'T STAY BELOW!
(T JORP! ARE YOU
DISAPPOINTED?



YOU HAVE A FOOLISH HABIT
OF TALKING TO YOURSELF!
I HEARD WHAT YOU WERE
DOING, SO I SCRAMBLED
UP AND WAITED HERE!

DON'T WAIT
ANY LONGER!
YOU'RE
OVERDUE
EVEN
NOW!



AT LAST!
THE BRAVE
BLACKBARK
RETREATS!

NOT QUITE! IT'S
JUST THAT THERE'S
MORE ROOM
UP HERE!



NOW HERE'S
A HANDY
PIECE OF
GRANITE!—

GOING TO
DASH MY
BRAINS
OUT!



NOTHING SO MESSY! JUST
GOING TO MAKE THE FIGHT
MORE EVEN, JORP!





MY COMMAND TO YOU IS TO — **DIE!**

DIE! — DRAH!



HE DOESN'T MOVE! WHAT TRICK IS HE UP TO?

NO TRICK, BLACKHAWK! HE DIED WHEN I TOLD HIM TO! — OF PURE FEAR!



A TALKING IMAGE! I'M READY TO —

DON'T BRUISE YOUR KNUCKLES! THIS ISN'T A TALKING IMAGE, REALLY!



CHUCK! YOU WERE BEHIND THERE!

I TRAILED JORP, TOO! I HEARD HIM RUN IN — SO I DUCKED OUT OF SIGHT! WHEN HE SPOKE, I SPOKE — AND THE FRIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS BLOOD!



IT WAS A SORT OF REBOUND OF HIS OWN SMART WICKEDNESS! I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE APPROPRIATE END FOR HIM!

I CAN'T, EITHER! WELL, COME ALONG! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING FOR US IN TOWN!

Their mission accomplished, the Blackhawk planes rise into the sky —



THE ONLY GOAL WE HAD IS JUSTICE FOR THE DEAD — WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!

CHOO CHOO



IS A GUNWILL
ROAD DRIVER!



A short ride
and then—

HERE
WE ARE,
MISS!

G-GOSH, THAT
LOOKS LIKE
MY GRANDMOTHER'S
OLD HOMESTEAD!



IT'S DARK! TH-THERE ISN'T
A LIGHT IN THE HOUSE!

I KNOW! YOU'LL GET
YOUR DIRECTIONS
FROM THIS!



I WILL! I
MEAN—HEY!
COME BACK
HERE!



WELL, AS LONG
AS I'M HERE, I MAY
AS WELL FACE THE
SITUATION!



A LADDER! I'M NOT
S-SUPERSTITIOUS B-BUT
I GUESS I'D BETTER
NOT WALK
UNDER IT!















WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING I REMEMBERED THE ADDRESS YOU GAVE THE ONE DRIVER OR I'D NEVER HAVE FOUND YOU! NOW LET'S JUST GO HOME AND FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!



Help Death Patrol!



...and it usually does!

CRASH!



W-H-O-E-S-T, FELLOWS, I WAS JUST PRACTICING MY SKYWRITING HOMERIDEK! GOSH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU!

WHEE! A DISGRACE TO THE GROUP!

BRADSHAW, YOU FORGOT TO ORDER THE 'T' IN DEATH!

POORIE ON SKYWRITING!





So Long Fellows



At the Apex
Cleaning Offices

READY
FOR MY
ASSIGNMENT,
SIR!

CLEAN-CIT ADVERTISING
JUNIOR! WE WANT YOU
TO WRITE OUR CAMPAIGN
OVER THE ENTIRE
CITY!



LEAVE IT TO ME!
IT'S AS GOOD
AS DONE!



WOW!

A Clean
Home for
all

GOSH!



GRABS THE
DAM — IT'S
OVERFLOWING!
THE CITY WILL BE
FLOODED!



Help
Death
Patrol
emergency

I HOPE THEY
GET MY
MESSAGE
THIS TIME!





EZRA

WOULD SURE IS
A PILL TO GIVE ME THE MAP
OF THIS SAFE ROUTE!
I CERTAINLY CAN
DEPEND ON
HIM!

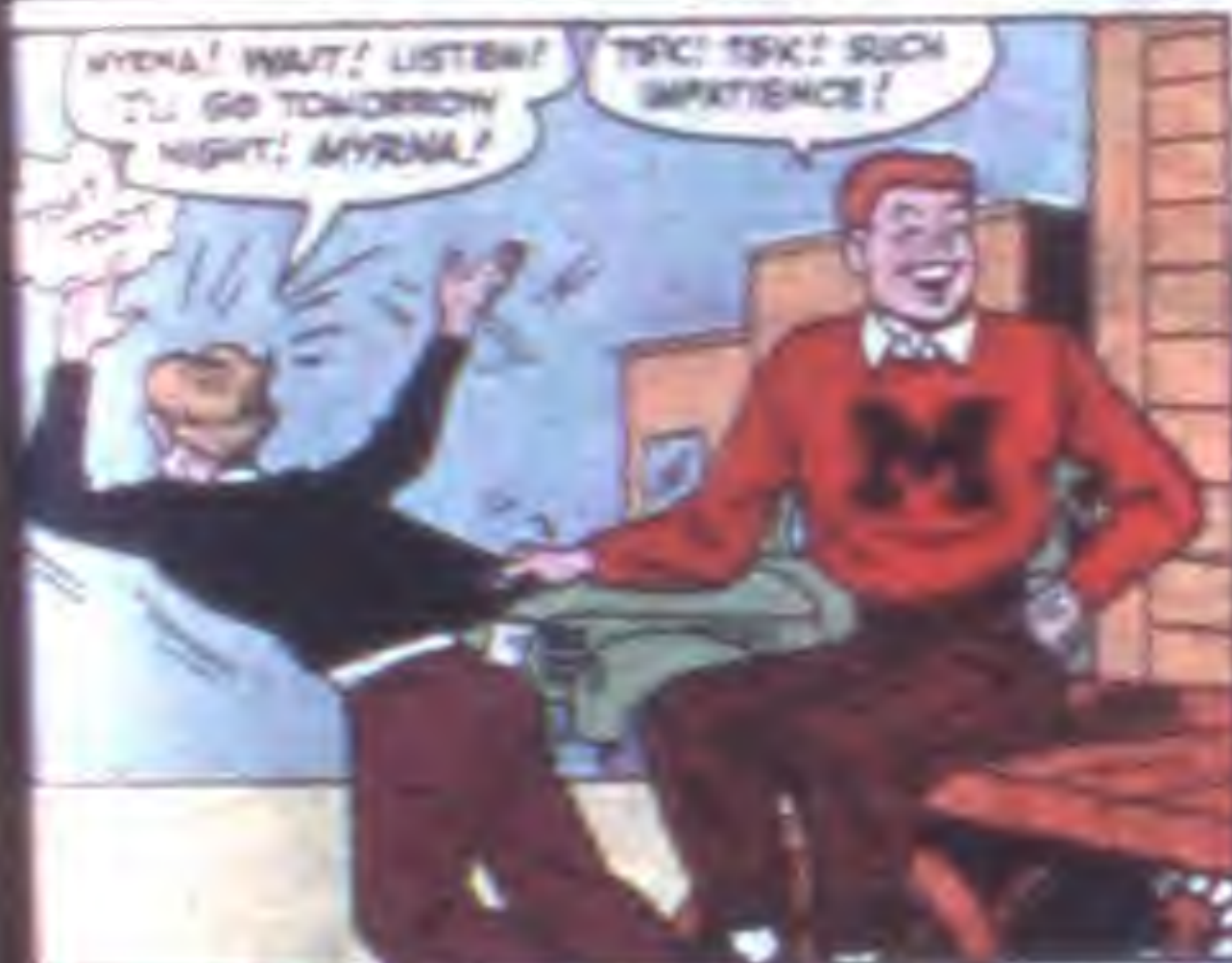


HEY, EZRA! WHAT'S
COOKING? LEAVING
TOWN!

I JUST GOT A NOTE FROM
MYENA. SHE'S LEAVING
FOR CENTREVILLE IN
TWO MINUTES!

BUT SHE'LL COME BACK
TOMORROW NIGHT IF I
CAN GO TO THE
STRAWBERRY
FESTIVAL WITH
HER!







WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

YIPE!

WANTED
FOR
ROBBERY

COME ON!

WHEN THAT WAS
CLOSE! IS HE
GONE?

A STUPID
TO DO! IF
HADN'T PULLED
BOMBER. HE
GO IN AND
FOR THE
LETTER
NOW!

YEAH, AND IF YOU DIDN'T THINK
UP SUCH BRIGHT IDEAS, I
WOULDN'T BE IN TROUBLE!
OHHH... BING BANG WILL
MURDER ME WHEN HE
GETS THAT
LETTER!

BUT HE WON'T, IF
YOU GET TO THE
MAIL MAN AHEAD
OF HIM!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL HANG
AROUND BING'S HOUSE -
UNTIL THE LETTER
COMES!

HMMM... THINK I'LL LOOK IN
THE MAIL BOX! THE MAIL
MAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN
HERE ALREADY!

HMMM...
I FEEL
SOMETHING!





OHAY, SUCKER!
MAYBE THAT'LL
MAKE YOU
UP!





"GULP!" YEAH,
THAT'S WHAT I'M
AFRAID OF!



EZRA, GUESS WHAT? ALL OF
A SUDDEN IT CAME TO ME!
YOU DIDN'T MAIL THAT
LETTER TO BING! YOU
STUCK IT UNDER YOUR
SWEATER! HA-HA!



I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR
BEING ANGRY! BUT THIS
TIME, TO GET RID OF YOUR
FEELINGS, WHY NOT BEAT
UP SOMEBODY? YOU KNOW - NO
MESSY LETTERS
LAYING AROUND TO
CAUSE TROUBLE!



THE BEST
YOU'VE
HAD!

EZRA! "GULP!" DON'T
LOOK AT ME
LIKE THAT!



EZRA, W-WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO?

FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE!
I CAN DEPEND ON
YOU!



Next evening ...
EZRA, THERE WAS
NOTHING!
NOTHING!

SURE WAS, MYRNA! AND MY
LETTER TO BING BANG WAS
RETURNED TO ME BECAUSE I
DIDN'T HAVE A STAMP ON IT!
EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW!



YEAH!



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE

MODERN COMICS

DOGTAG

LOOK
OUT!

TUT! TUT!
WHY, WHEN I
USED TO GO
BOUNCING AROUND
IN AN ARMY JEEP,
I'D THINK NOTHING
OF TAKING THESE
LITTLE RUTS AT
TOP SPEED!



MAY AS WELL MIX A
LITTLE PLEASURE
WITH JOB HUNTING!

**CARNIVAL
SKETCHON
FUGER A**



STEP RIGHT IN, FOLKS, AND SEE DAREDEVIL DUDLEY
IN HIS DEATH-DEFYING MOTORCYCLE RIDE AROUND
AN ABSOLUTELY PERPENDICULAR WALL! IT'S
THRILLING! IT'S STUPENDOUS!



















GRINGO JOHN

GRINGO JOHN was a Flathead Indian who lived on a reservation in Montana. Gringo John was known to be very friendly toward all white men. And for that he was often rebuked by his tribesmen.

"Why you like palefaces?" they would ask him. "We no like palefaces. They steal from us. Take our lands. Chase us to reservation. Not give us any voice in big meetings at Washington."

Gringo John would shake his head. "True, these things you say, my brothers. But then the war between the whites and us has long since ceased to be a war. The whitemen won. How can we change that? Why must we forever carry bitterness in our hearts for these longpast things? I say let us be friends!"

And so it was far and wide that Gringo John—who had got his nickname 'Gringo' by his friendship with the white-smiled and chatted amicably with everyone who came in contact with him.

There were Indians on the reservation who hated John for this benevolent attitude toward their eternal enemies. They saw in his continued affection for the whites an acceptance of their to them bitter fate; a fate dished out by the palefaces.

Rutter, the Indian agent on the reservation, was not a nice man. Nobody liked him, least of all the Indians. Rutter was hot-headed, mean, and seemed to hate everyone with whom he had any dealings.

It was often a matter of specu-

lation why Rutter had been put in charge at the Flathead Reservation. It was only because of his wide experience in Indian matters that he had been granted the place. But there were many who thought someone else would have been a better deal.

Rutter was always against showing any kindness toward his charges. Whenever some modern appointment, or extra food or blankets, was suggested, Rutter would turn the idea down with a wave of his hand.

"What the devil for?" he would demand. "They're only redskins, ain't they? They don't know anything about comforts. Why pamper 'em?"

And so the Flathead Reserve was known for its cold exterior—and interior, too.

One early morning a young Indian called at Rutter's office and combination store to make a purchase, and found the agent dead with a bullet through his head. The brave ran yelping from the office to broadcast the news.

It would be a lie to say the Indians were sorry about the affair. In fact, there were few of them who did not feel literally relieved. Rutter was dead! The hated agent had gone to the happy hunting ground—or maybe some place else! It was good.

When word of Rutter's death reached the ears of Gringo John, he was plenty disturbed. He knew there would be an investigation. There was little reason to think that Rutter hadn't been killed by one of the Indians. Who else would do it? So there would be

lots of trouble at the reservation.

And sure enough, late that afternoon, a Deputy U. S. Marshal arrived at the reserve and took the matter in hand. He called in all the Indians about whom there hung any suspicion. These of course included all the hot-headed ones—Indians who hated the whites, and hated Gringo John for his treatment of them.

The investigation got under way, but Bates, the marshal, didn't get anywhere. Indians are peculiar people when it comes to pumping them for information. They will either answer, or feign a lack of knowledge that is exasperating.

Marshal Bates was at his wits' end.

The wires buzzed. The newspapers in the area were not for the late Rutter; neither were they in favor of murder. And nobody doubted that some Indians had committed the crime.

Washington was hot for a quick capture of the culprit. This sort of thing was bad. Other Indian agencies would surely have trouble once their inhabitants heard about the crime. Agency trouble is always bad stuff.

Days went by, while Marshal Bates questioned and ran down clues. He had Gringo John on the carpet more than once, but John had a perfect alibi. Besides, the marshal knew that Gringo John was friendly.

"What do you think, John?" Bates asked the Indian one day.

John shook his head. "We no know—yet. We think Indians didn't kill Rutter."

John begged: "What do you think an Indian didn't do that?"

John said, "Not Indian, Mr. Bates. Indian use

guns. John had something to tell them Bates felt, since they had more or less the same 'white man's' ways these days. It was reasonable to assume that if they had chosen a knife, they would have used one. But where was the criminal get hold of a

gun about searching for

the week passed. Bates had no gun in any hogan. To his surprise he received a letter. The Indians simply

John worked on the reservation in his own manner. He believed a white man had killed Rutter. But he had, no clue to

Not yet.

One night while John lay sleeping in his hogan, he saw a shadow move across the terrain not far from his shelter and peered out into the gloom. The shadow slipped up to a nearby hogan and disappeared within. John saw the shadow bolted out and

"What was that?" asked John.

"Well, 'Me go see."

He rode to the hogan where the mysterious visitor had passed and peered within. "Cajo," he called softly. "Wake up, Cajo. It

"What?" asked Cajo sleepily.

"You want, John?"

"I want to hide something in your hogan, me think."

John spoke in Indian. "Hide what?"

"I want to take something, then."

replied John. "Me make light look."

Gringo John cracked a match and lit a candle. He held this up and looked around. The other Indian joined him. John felt under the unoccupied bunk in the hogan, and with an exclamation drew forth a .45 revolver.

"Hm!" he said, "Man hide gun under blanket. It gun what killed Rutter, no doubt."

"B-but what—" began Cajo.

"I'll take that!" spoke a voice out of the darkness. Bates stepped into the hogan with drawn pistol. He held out his hand for the gun. Gringo gave it to him.

Bates smiled grimly. "Well, Cajo, what have you to say for yourself?"

Cajo spluttered. Gringo John said, very quietly, "It was put in here by a man, Mr. Bates. I saw him sneak into Cajo's hogan this night, and followed when he left. I found it under Cajo's bunk."

"A good enough story, John," said Bates, "but it won't stick. Come on, you fellows." He brandished his gun. Cajo growled and pretended him out of the hogan. John came by. Then with a movement like lightning, Gringo John bolted into the darkness. Bates fired several times, knowing he hadn't hit the Indian.

Bates, cursing, hustled Cajo off to the reservation house. The next morning he called Missoula and reported his capture. He had Rutter's murderer, all right!

"Good work, Bates," said the official at the other end of the wire. "Bring him in."

Bates took Cajo to Missoula that day, and the mystery of Rutter's murder was at an end. On so Bates and the other officials thought.

But Gringo John thought otherwise. He had bolted for a very good reason. He meant to capture the murderer.

John headed into the low hills surrounding the reservation. And soon he came to a camping sight. The fire had recently died out, but John knew that someone camped there. A white man. He hid out waiting the man's return to camp.

Nick Sarabius was a would-be outlaw. A small time crook, he had been chased out of Missoula and was forced to hide in the "sticks" as he called it until things cooled down a bit. Nick considered that he had done a smart job rubbing Rutter out. It was purely a grudge killing, the sort of which Nick's type are capable.

Rutter had framed Nick once, long years ago, and Nick had searched everywhere for his enemy. He had found him by reading through some Indian reference files one day while sitting in a library out of the rain. And he had quickly gone to the reserve and bumped the man off.

But none of these things were known until Gringo John suddenly leaped out of the bush and crossed up the fugitive. Now, Indians have ways of making men talk—ways that are not pleasant. And Gringo John was forced to put Nick through a hard half hour before the man confessed to the crime. But he confessed. Then Gringo John took him to the reserve. Bates and the new agent had arrived that day. When they saw Nick, and heard his confession, they were mighty pleased with Gringo John. So was John pleased, because there was \$1000 reward for the man. Gringo John smiled as he accepted the white man's offer on a Missoula bank. He had white men.

MODERN COMICS

WILL Bragg

By Paul Gustavson







day morning...



AN, QUIT
ARGUING WITH
HIM, SWENSEN.
AN LET'S GET
THIS FOX
HUNT GOING!

I PAID HIM TO TEACH
ME FOX HUNTING AND
I'LL BE HANGED IF HE'S
NOT GOING
THROUGH
WITH IT!



AREN... I'VE GIVEN YOU THE POINTERS
ON FOX HUNTING! - ER- I JUST
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT YOU
COULDN'T EVEN RIDE A HORSE!
GALLY, SEE IF YOU CAN
FIND A PONY...
SO'S I CAN
WALK HIM
AROUND!

AN, HUTS!
LET'S GO! I HOPE
YOUR HAT FITS
ME!



SHHH! DON'T WORRY ABOUT
YOUR HAT! WHERE'S THAT
SUITCASE I BROUGHT?
I HAVE THIS FOX
HUNT IN THE
BAG!



THE ONE
YOU HAD THE
FOX INT
OVER
THERE!

HAD!!
WHERE IS
IT? WHERE'S
THE FOX?

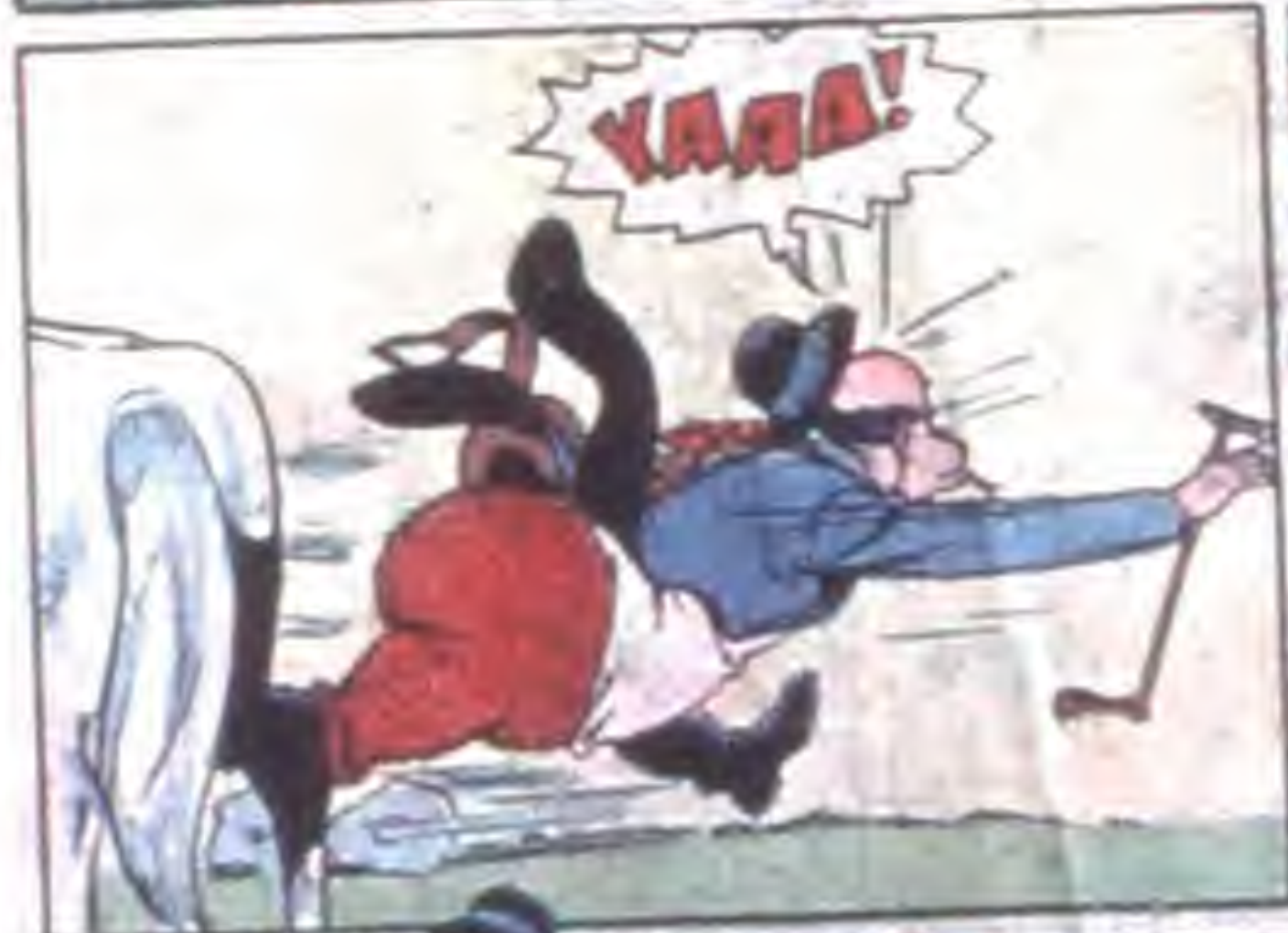


AND I FIGURED I'D
WIN YOUR HAT BACK
BY NOT EVEN
CHASING ONE!



SEE YOURSELF A
HORSE AN' WIN
MY HAT BACK!
GIMON!

A GULP! - ER-
I GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO -













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What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, papless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Followed called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a beg. THEN I discovered my own new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I ended in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, wrapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS! "Dynamic Tension" is the only, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your everyday shoulder motions begin to build, shape . . . these specially areas and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over. 1,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already grabbed a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read just for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and I'm passing down lots, husky men—how I'm turning them into broad-shouldered, dynamic of real POWER.

Just a few weeks NOW to 35 lbs. and mail for right, and you will receive at once my FREE "Building Health and Strength" book! PROVE it! Send me for YOUR Address: CHARLES ATLAS, East 134th St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Will be sent to you FREE if you fill in and mail this coupon to me. No purchase necessary. Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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Name _____ (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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